MARVEL 001

SINS OF SINISTER

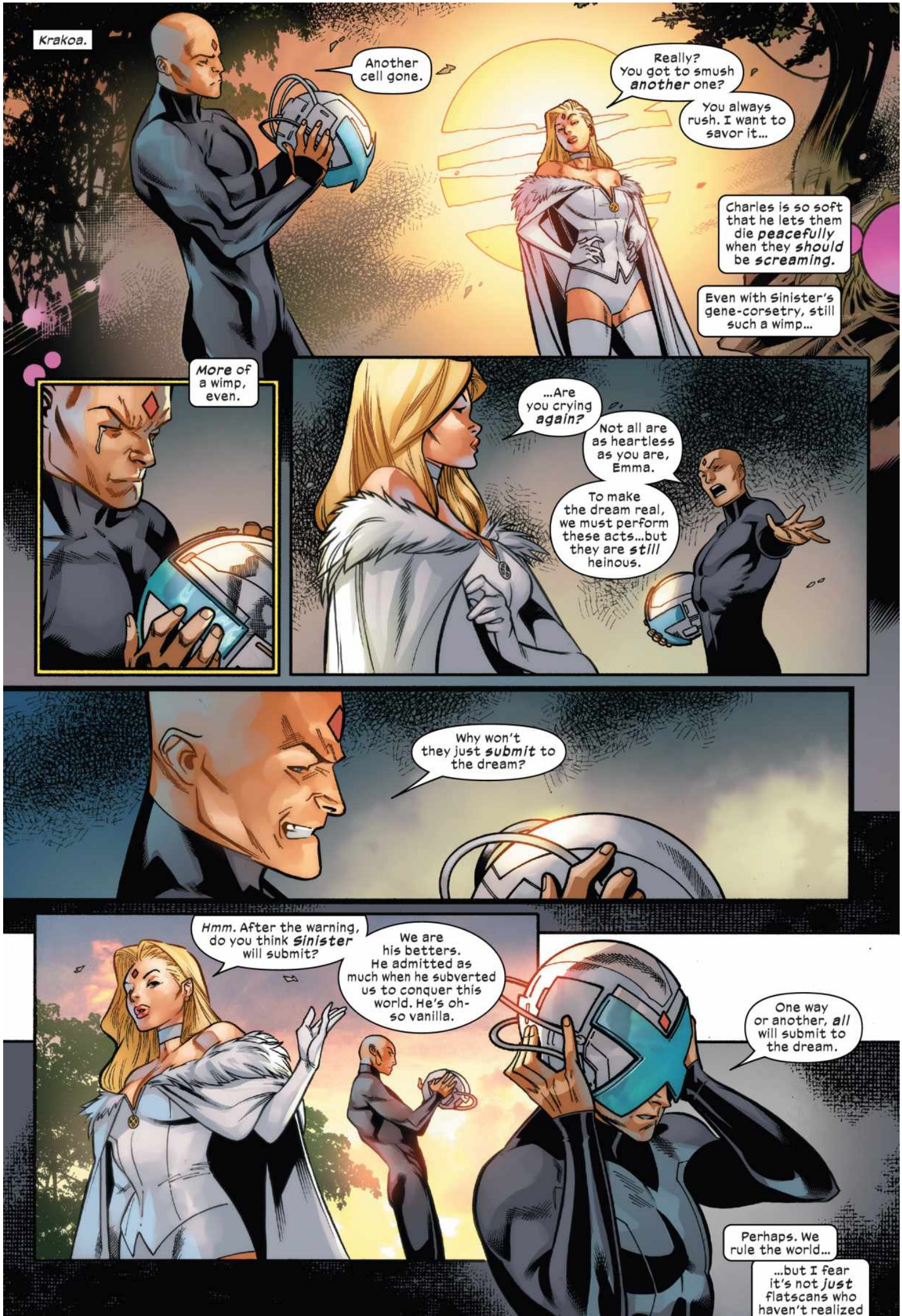
[part_]
[__IV_]

GILLEN
MEDINA
WONG
OLAZABA
RAMOS
SOTOMAYOR

IMMORAL X-MEN

+10 years, New Essex.
We rule the world.
Unfortunately, some flatscans are so dense it hasn't quite sunk in yet...
Everyone, remember. Keep checking your psi-seals.
We all know how Thought Crime is punished.
Tonight, we're going to storm the Westchester Complex and upload the virus.
It can bring down the whole Cerebro satellite system. A sky full of brains, fitzing.
Then we have our best shot of forging a resistance since Orchis was taken off the board.
Let's go to work.
Wait--do we leave by the door or the window?
Hmm.
I'm pretty sure it's the window.

You may find this upsetting.
I do too.


Krakoa.
Another cell gone.
Really? You got to smush another one?
You always rush. I want to savor it...
Charles is so soft that he lets them die peacefully when they should be screaming.
Even with Sinister's gene-corsetry, still such a wimp...
More of a wimp, even.
...Are you crying again?
Not all are as heartless as you are, Emma.
To make the dream real, we must perform these acts...but they are still heinous.
Why won't they just submit to the dream?
Hmm. After the warning, do you think Sinister will submit?
We are his betters. He admitted as much when he subverted us to conquer this world. He's oh-so vanilla.
One way or another, all will submit to the dream.
Perhaps. We rule the world...
...but I fear it's not just flatscans who haven't realized

[04_sins_of___X]
[04_sinister__X]

NO BROTHERHOOD, JUST EVIL MUTANTS

Ten years have passed since Mister Sinister gained control over mutantkind by using clones of Moira MacTaggert as "save points" and through his own genetic manipulation -- embedding his own DNA into the resurrection process and unleashing havoc across the globe as his influence multiplied with each successful resurrection.

The havoc began with infecting a group of high-ranking mutant leaders with his own personality: Charles Xavier, Emma Frost, Hope Summers and Exodus. A Quiet Council of Sinisters. But ten years in, his fellow Sinisters are less interested in following his orders and have set their own agenda for this world. That means it's time to go back to that "save point" and start from scratch.

Unfortunately, Sinister can't reset the timeline without his lab full of Moira clones -- which has mysteriously vanished -- stranding Sinister in a hell of his own making...

[MISTER SINISTER]

[PROFESSOR XAVIER]

[EMMA FROST]

[HOPE]

[EXODUS]

[KATE PRYDE]

SINS OF SINISTER

YEAR 10

IMMORAL X-MEN

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[04_sinister__X]

I wish Erik was still with us.
So he'd finally realize *I* was right and *he* was wrong.
Hey!
Are you done moping over your dead boyfriend? I need to get everyone together.
You worry about the dream. *I'm* worried about people waking us up.
Shall I?
No, it's my turn.
Quiet Council...

...let's chat!

The problem when you do the psychic projection, Ems.
The chairs are never comfortable.
Yes, but all this is not just fetish aesthetics. It's also practical.
Everyone being uncomfortable will keep the meeting as short as possible. We all have better things to do than this. Hope--you have the floor...
Wait...

...is that a cybernetic hand? Why?
I wanted one. It's got a gun in the pinky and the thumb is a grenade.
Someone's got to be Cable, and if Dad's gone buggy, it's going to be me.
Do not worry. I have saved the hand.
It is precious.

Yes. Hope doesn't really clone well. Though perhaps with a larger sample I could--
It is PRECIOUS!
I'll admit, Hope's novelty grates. Like Jean and all those troublesome children.
Exclusive clubs are fine, but only when I'm a member.

Isn't he protective?
Okay, everyone. This is how I see it...

THE KRAKOA PROSPECTS (TOP SECRET)

Problem: We rule Earth. We're growing ever more powerful. The whole galaxy knows it.

Present Day: S.W.O.R.D. says there's an increasing number of spies doing XenoInt and wet work. We are very good at anti-intelligence -- kudos to the Professor and Emma -- but they're getting better.

1-10 years: We'll see a number of attacks from one space empire or another. Likely a renegade faction or smaller power being funded by one of the big boys in a proxy war. Deniability. See what we've got and how we act. If we play the part of poor dumb Earth, minding our own business and defending against mean old aliens, we may be able to buy a few years. I don't think that mask lasts for long. That mask itches.

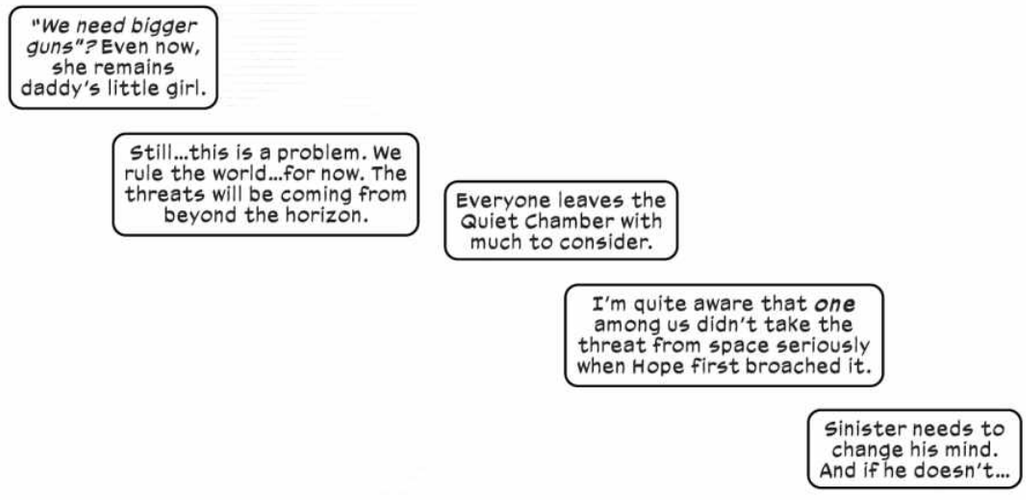
10-30 years: Depending on how much we can confuse them, this is when I expect to see a proper war from one of the major powers. Smart money is on the Shi'ar or the Kree/Skrull Empire. If we haven't expanded significantly beyond Earth and gained the resilience that comes with scale, a wave of astro-nuclear @&%#% bombs is going to end us.

30+ years: If we're still standing, we're an undeniable threat. I'm talking superalliance. Two major powers will join together -- Shi'ar and Kree/Skrull. Maybe the Rigellians, depending on how we play it. We manage to resist that -- and I don't think we will -- more will join. And more. They'll be more scared of us than they are of each other, and they'll all want to set us on fire and leave us in a ditch to die.

My bet: We don't get this far. We're done around year seventeen.

Unless we do something about it.

In conclusion: We need bigger guns.


"We need bigger guns"? Even now, she remains daddy's little girl.
Still...this is a problem. We rule the world...for now. The threats will be coming from beyond the horizon.
Everyone leaves the Quiet Chamber with much to consider.
I'm quite aware that one among us didn't take the threat from space seriously when Hope first broached it.
Sinister needs to change his mind. And if he doesn't...

...Auntie Emma can be *terribly* convincing.
What do I think?
UNION SQUARE
They call *this* tea?
It's not like it's gene-science. Yet somehow, this simple task is *still* beyond the colonials.
I'm not sure why the Boston Tea Party was a big deal. Americans lobbing fine tea into freezing water is just business as usual.
This is my utopia and Americans *still* can't make tea properly.
X-GEN
Yet more evidence of how this has gone badly wrong...and if I'm trapped here...

"...something must be done.
"Starting with a proper tea."
Er... hello, who am I?
Where am I?
The Westchester Complex.
In my second best secret lab, and you're my duck.
Pardon?
"Talk to the Duck." You chat through a problem with an inanimate object, and by saying it all out loud, you realize you know the solution.
But I would never talk to a duck. Untrustworthy animal, famously so.
Sinister ducks? Even I wouldn't go so far.
I'll talk to a clone. I am Mister Sinister, and even in this hell world, I must stay true to myself. And hold on to what's truly important.
Like tea.
Oh. I understand.
So, what's up?
My most secret lab has been stolen. I need my Moiras back. This timeline has gone so wrong that I'm surprised that we're not all speaking French. I need to reset it.
The council is talking back. To me! To ME!

I've tried the obvious techniques and nothing. I need to use the resources that ruling the world allows me... but the problem is, I don't rule the world anymore. I share it with eleven cocktails of me.
I try it, and chances are they'll spot me and realize the Moira Engine exists...
...and then they'll *all* want it.
So what other options do you have?
Well, ducky, I still have the ultimate censure. They've meddled with my top-level control imprints, but there's deep genetic work which is part of the infrastructure.
I could trigger the psychic inferno as a fail-safe. I'd kill *all* my Sinisters, but...perhaps it's worth it?
That sounds like a good option to have, at least.
Aren't you worried about it being activated without you knowing though?
Of course I am!
That's why I kept its activation circuit in the safest, most secure place I could think of...
...MY SECRET LAB!!!
THUD THUD THUD
Isn't there a saying about eggs and baskets?

Hey, I'm a duck, remember? Eggs are my thing.
So what else can you do, Mister Sinister?
It was the best basket ever constructed, the secretest of labs and...
Never mind. What can I do? Thankfully, I have options.
I'll try to reinstate control. Gene update. The override will be Beast's doing, and there's not a day I can't beat Beast.
It'd be best to confer with Dark Beast for his perspective...
...but his head is in the secret lab?
Yes. Yes. Yes.
So...a manual reinsertion of the control protocol.
It's a big risk, but if not...
-sigh-
Thanks for listening.
My pleasure. So, what next? Do I get some clothes--?
KLK
NO! NO! NO!
I said I needed someone I can trust.
I can't trust myself...

"...that's the whole problem."
Krakoa.
I hope Sinister will come around.
I believe he still has so much to contribute.
There would have been no Krakoa without him.
(A fact which he *does* remind us of every half hour or so.)
But for my considerable money, his best work came later.
He shared technology that allows gifts to be harnessed outside of the flesh--a few concoctions and you take a gift for a ride.
Practical and also *delightful.* Who doesn't want to have a lovely half hour of flight to relax?
More so, he made chimera, these living statues carved from raw gifts...
...and most of all, he made the *council.*
He unlocked the cages of our sordid, beautiful hearts.
To think of the scared, self-hating little thing I was before.
It's awful to think of everything I have and how everything could be taken away...

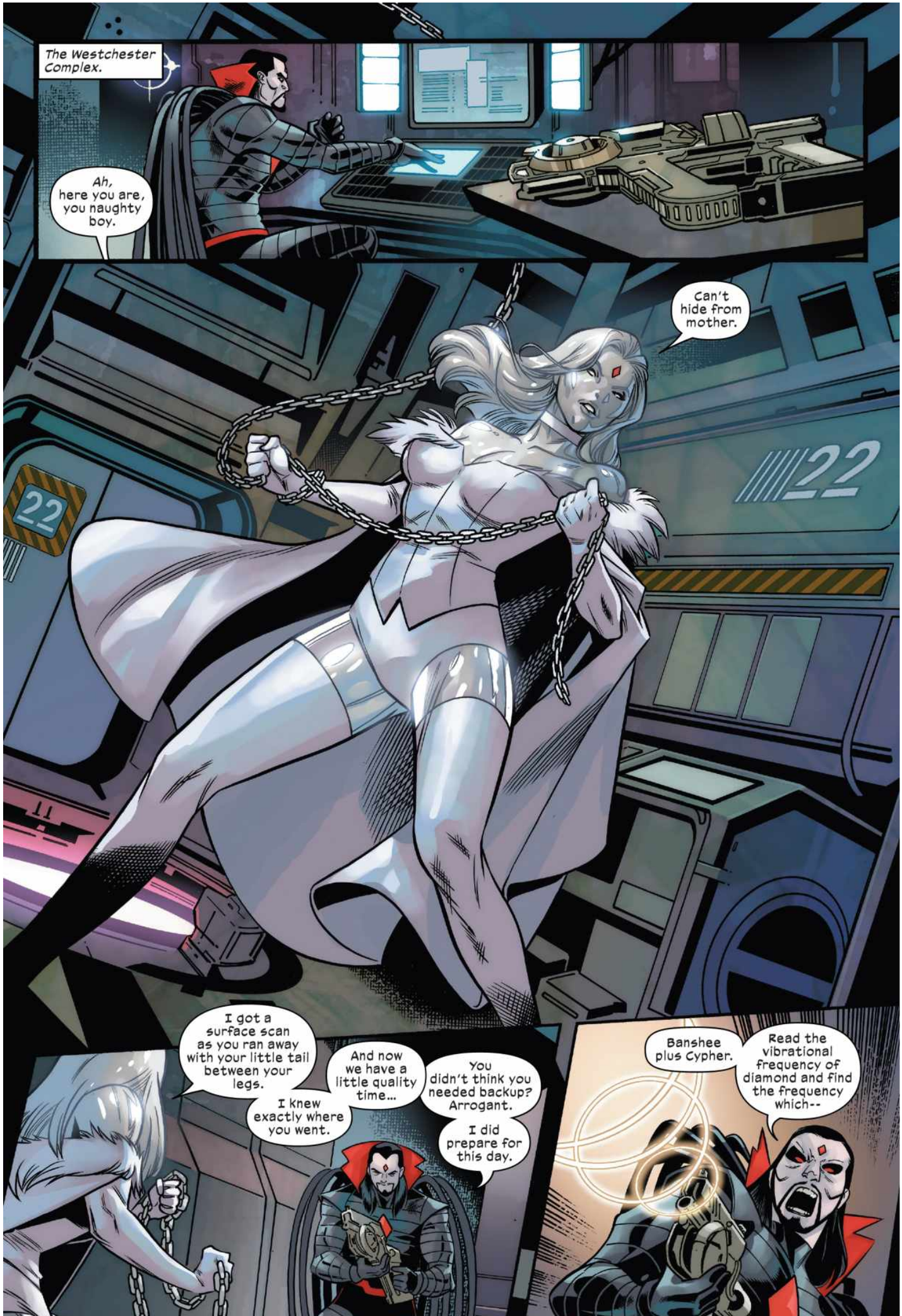
...just awful.
SNAP
Hello, Nathaniel.
How...?
I've been sleeping in diamond form a long time, for many reasons, not the least little sneaks like you.
Now, you're a telepath, but for all the talk of power, it's skill that *really* matters.
Specialism.
I keep little Mastermind up all night on a cocktail of amphetamines, making sure no one realizes I'm invulnerable.
Did I do well, mistress?
No. You never do well, Jason. You're a sneak too.
And do you know what we do with sneaks?
Emergency portal! Quickly!
Quiet Council, assemble.

[Missing_Persons.....[X]
[subj...Nathaniel_Essex]

THE HUNT FOR MISTER SINISTER

1. **The Celestial Abyss:** Cosmic emissions from the destruction of Avengers Mountain prevent nearly anyone from surviving here. As such, ideal hiding place. Exodus and Hope to see what they can find.
2. **Doomstadt:** The Doom Pretender is a prime candidate for having secret control systems installed. Beast will liquidize him and genes-sift for clues.
3. **France:** The last place he would ever go. But he is perverse. Magik to explore possibility.
4. **Wakanda:** Sinister having a private treaty is unlikely, but not impossible. Xavier will breach the matter with the sealed polity of Wakanda.

5. **The Bar Sinister With No Name:** The key social venue for dysfunctional Sinisters. Kate will prop up the bar, buy drinks and keep watch.
6. **Nova Roma:** The various "British Cosplaying Romans" rumors about Nova Roma are nagging. That sounds very Sinister. Shaw to look into his old Black Queen's stomping grounds.
7. **The Savage Land:** Sauron wanted to turn people into dinosaurs. We turned him into cat food. Still, high-quality abandoned gene labs. Colossus to check.
8. **Lemurian Plants:** The Deviant Vats' psychic anguish creates a significant concealing miasma of pain. Ideal place for Sinister to consider his next step. Namor to investigate.
9. **The Westchester Complex:** Sinister's main labs. Surely he couldn't be dumb enough to hide here? Emma says she'll have a look-see.


The Westchester Complex.
Ah, here you are, you naughty boy.
Can't hide from mother.
I got a surface scan as you ran away with your little tail between your legs.
I knew exactly where you went.
And now we have a little quality time...
You didn't think you needed backup? Arrogant.
I did prepare for this day.
Banshee plus Cypher.
Read the vibrational frequency of diamond and find the frequency which--

KRRAKK
Really?
You gave us so much wonderful, awful technology to take over the world, Nathaniel.
You disarmed me once before, a long time ago, and it was a problem.
Now with a *Logan patch?*
The problem with you is that you have nothing that is your own.
And what you *do* have, you have to share to keep relevant.
And then they're our toys too. There's no talksie-backsies, you carrion worm.
Oh, I keep a few tricks you don't know about.
And "*do it for the children*"? Pah.
Always remember...

...some children are *nasty boys.*
My brain goes back to Sinister's explanation of chimera. Like Nightcrawler, Scott makes a wonderful genetic base for additions.
And this is quite the impressive menagerie.
One should be threatened...
...but I am *Emma Frost.*

There's never been a Scott who I couldn't make do whatever I wanted.
Sinister really thought that I couldn't pull their strings better than him?
This is what I *do*.
All those Omegas, puffing themselves up like insecure boys in the shower.
As if anything you can measure on a spreadsheet matters.
I would rap their grubby little knuckles with their slide rules.
Power is not what you are. Power is what you do.
True queens are self-made, not appointed.
And whether those who bestow the titles are gods, scientists or monarchs, Emma Frost kneels to *no one*...
...and *everyone* kneels to me.
I am the divine Emma Frost...
...and you've never been higher than dying red-

Don't you get it? You'll *all* be turning on each other.
This is just the start of it. This--
Nathaniel.
You said the quiet part out loud.
You made us you.
You didn't make us stupid.
We are the council.
But, in the long run, there can only be one queen.
Sadly, *your* usefulness is at an end.
Yes, I needed your brains.
You need mine.
You want to win a war?

This will let you win a war.
01010101010
With my next generation of Chimera, I can take it to five gifts in one body, reliably.
It'll take me time, but I can craft genetic weapons no one has ever seen before. You're planning on fighting the galaxy? This is what you need.
Or for all your might, *you'll* be a smear beneath the boot of the Kree/Skrull Empire.
I have all these recipes and plans.
Me. No one else.
Me.
Krakoa couldn't have happened without me.
Krakoa *still* needs me.
Yes, you make a convincing case, and I *should* bring it to the council...
...but

Beg.
Hkkk... hhh.
Mistress. Mother. Queen.
Any or all of the above.
Please.
Good boy.
Quiet Council! Found the naughtiest of truants and was about to spank his head clean off...but he's made a proposition.
I'm pulsing the details to everyone.

Do we forgive his indiscretion, in lieu of his past, present and future service to the cause of us being the best?
Council? A show of hands...
Welcome back, Nathaniel.
Know your place.
You're one of us, more than ever...
...and we're one of you.
22
Krakoa needs you.
Long may

For my sake.

Sinister. Show some class.
I told you already.

Don't say the quiet part out loud.
Yes, we rule the world.
But the standard "we" will go out of fashion soon enough...
...leaving the royal "we" forever.

[04_sins_of___X]
[04_sinister__X]

SINS OF SINISTER CHECKLIST

YEAR 10

- SINS OF SINISTER #1
- STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS #1
- NIGHTCRAWLERS #1
- IMMORAL X-MEN #1

YEAR 100

- NIGHTCRAWLERS #2
- IMMORAL X-MEN #2
- STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS #2

YEAR 1000

- IMMORAL X-MEN #3
- STORM & THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS #3
- NIGHTCRAWLERS #3
- SINS OF SINISTER: DOMINION #1

[04_sins_of___X]
[04_sinister__X]

ZONE